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The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 3, 1859.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

BIOGRAPHICAL, ETC.

The Lives of Eminent Philadelphians. pp. 993. 44 portraits, $7 50. Philadelphia: William Brotherhead.

POETRY.

Poems. By Henry Harbaugh, author of "The Sainted Dead," "Heavenly Recognition," "Heavenly Home," "Bards of the Bible," etc. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

LEGAL.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York. By Henry Hilton, one of the Judges of the Court. Vol. I. $5. New York: Banks & Brothers.

MEDICAL, ETC.

Teachings of Physiology and Pathology in Relation to Homœopathy. By J. T. Alley, M.D. 8 cents. New York: John T. S. Smith & Sons. 1859.

The Physician's Hand-book of Practice for 1860. By William Elmer, M.D., and Louis Elsberg, M.D. Containing a Diary, a Visiting List, a Pocket Account Book, a Classified List of Diseases, a Very Complete List of Remedial Agents, etc. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

RELIGIOUS.

Two Discourses on the Causes and Consequences of the Tragedy at Harper's Ferry. By Rev. Dr. Cheever and Rev. James F. Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The Simplicity of Christ's Teachings, Set Forth in Sermons. By Charles T. Brooks, Pastor of the Unitarian church, Newport, R. I. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Sir Rohan's Ghost. By a Contributor to the "Atlantic." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Fairy Dreams; or, Wanderings in Elf-Land. By Mrs. J. G. Austin. Elegantly illustrated, on tinted paper, 75 cents. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Only a Pauper. Illustrated by Billings. 12mo, pp. 400. 85 cents. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

Lionel Lincoln; or, The Leaguer of Boston. 1 vol., crown 8vo, 2 vignettes on steel, and 12 sketches on wood from original designs by Darley. $1 50. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Young Men of America. A Prize Essay. By Samuel Batchelder, Jr. Reprinted from the Young Men's Magazine. 12mo, pp. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Skater's Pocket Companion. Uniform with popular Cricket and Base Ball Pocket Companion. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

Illustrated Natural History of the Animal Kingdom: Being a Systematic and Popular Description of the Habits, Structure, and Classification of Animals, from the Highest to the Lowest Forms, with their Relations to Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and the Arts. By S. G. Goodrich. With 1,400 engravings, royal 8vo, 2 vols. New York: Derby & Jackson.

ENGLISH.

POETRY.

The Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry, Traditional and Romantic. Chronologically arranged, with Translations and Imitations. Edited by J. S. Moore. New and improved edition. 8vo, morocco. 14s. London: Bell & Daldy.

Nightingale Valley: a Collection of the Choicest Lyrics and Short Poems in the English language. Edited by Giraldus. Foolscap. 5s. London: Bell & Daldy.

The Legend of the Golden Prayers, and other Poems. By C. F. Alexander, author of "Moral Songs," "Verses for Holy Seasons," etc. Foolscap. 5s. London: Bell & Daldy.

Metrical Tales and Poems. By Samuel Lover. Foolscap, quarto, toned paper, extra cloth. London: Houlston & Wright.

The Gitana, and other Poems. By Ariell Thorn. London: W. Kent & Co.

German Ballads: with English Translations. By Mrs. Boyd. London: Houlston & Wright.

The Biglow Papers. By J. R. Lowell. Reprinted from the last American Edition, with the sanction of the Author. Newly Edited, and accompanied with a Preface. By the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays. In crown 8vo, cloth boards. 3s. 6d. London: Trubner & Co.

MEDICAL.

The Diseases of Infancy and Childhood. By T. H. Tanner, M.D., F.L.S., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, late Physician to the Hospital for Women, etc. Post 8vo, cloth. 9s. London: H. Renshaw.

Dr. Garrod on Gout; its Nature and Treatment; including the Diseases commonly known as Rheumatic Gout. With Colored and other Illustrations. 1 vol. London: Walton & Maberly.

BIOGRAPHY.

Some Memorials of Renee of France, Duchess of Ferrara. With Portrait and Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth. 6s. London: Bosworth & Harrison.

The Life of the Duke of Wellington. From the French of Alexis Brialmont, Captain on the Staff of the Belgian Army. With Emendations and Additions. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-General to the Forces, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. Vols. III. and IV. (completion). London: Longman.

NOVELS.

The Way of the World: a Novel. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Hackett.

Undercurrents Overlooked. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors." 2 vols., post 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.

Undercurrents: a Novel. By Vane Ireton St. John, author of "St. Eustace; or, The Hundred and One." 3 vols., post 8vo. London: William Tinsley.

The Doomed Ship: a Tale of the Arctic Regions. By William Hurton. Illustrated by Watts Phillips. Handsomely bound. 3s. 6d. London: Henry Lea.

RELIGIOUS.

Paley's Evidences of Christianity; with Annotations, by Richard Whateley, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Blackie & Son.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paul Morphy: a Sketch from the Chess World; comprising his Consultation and other Games, Matches, Blindfold Play, etc., etc., with Biographical, Historical, and Critical Notes. By Herr Max Lange, editor of the Berlin *Schachzeitung*. Translated into English, with Additional Notes, by Herr Falkbeer. London: J. H. Starie.

Moral Emblems from Jacob Catz and Robert Farlie; including Aphorisms, Adages, and Proverbs of all Nations; with sixty large Illustrations on Wood, and numerous Vignettes and Tail Pieces. The Illustrations freely rendered from designs found in the works of Catz and Farlie, by John Leighton, S.F.A., and engraved under his superintendence. Imperial 8vo, in Grolier binding, designed by the Artist. London: Longman.

The Island of Ceylon: an Account of Ceylon—Physical, Historical, and Topographical; with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., etc. Illustrated with seven Maps, seventeen Plans and Charts, and 101 Engravings on Wood. 2 vols. London: Longman.

The Great Pyramid: Why was it Built? and Who Built it? By John Taylor, author of "Junius Identified," an "Essay on Money," the "Standard and Measure of Value," etc. Post 8vo, cloth. 10s. 6d. London: Longman.

Cæcilia Metella; or, Rome Enslaved. By Æmilia Julia. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: Chapman & Hall.

A Paraphrase of the Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle. Book the First. Oxford: H. Hammans, High street.

Common Wayside Flowers. By Thomas Miller. With Illustrations; printed in colors by Evans, after designs by Birket Foster. Small quarto, cloth gilt. 10s. London: Routledge.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., Late Head-Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Third American from the last London Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. $2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with Illustrations. By Charles Bennett. And a Preface by Rev. Charles Kingsley. 1 vol. Octavo, Cloth, gilt, $6; Antique Morocco, $9. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

RELIGIOUS.

Stier's Words of Jesus. 1 vol. Octavo. Cloth, $3. Philadelphia: Smith, English and Company.

Helps for the Pulpit; or, Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons. By a Minister. 2 vols. in 1. 12mo. Cloth, $1 25. (From the Fifth London Edition.) Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

NOVELS, ETC.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 211. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

EVERT D. LONG & CO., NEW YORK.

Fanny. From the French of Ernest Feydeau. With a Preface by Jules Janin.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Misrepresentation. By Anne H. Dowry, author of "Eastbury," etc.

Life in Spain, Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury.

E. H. BUTLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

The Principles of Chemistry Illustrated by Simple Experiments. By Dr. Julius Adolph Stockhardt, [illegible] Royal Inspector of Medicine in Saxony. Translated by C. H. Pearce, M.D., of Cambridge. And an Introduction. By E. N. Horseford, Rumford Professor in the University at Cambridge.

Chemical Problems and Reactions, to accompany Stockhardt's Elements of Chemistry. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr.

Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man. By Thomas Reid, D.D., F.R.S. Abridged, with Notes and Illustrations, from Sir William Hamilton and others. By James Walker, D.D., President of Harvard College, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the same.

The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man. By Dugald Stewart, F.R.S.S. London and Edinburgh. Revised, with Additions and Omissions. By James Walker, D.D., President of Harvard College, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the same.

STRONG & CO., ST. LOUIS, MOBILE.

A List of the Homœopathic Physicians, Hospitals, Dispensaries, Societies, Journals, and other Matters of Interest to the Profession in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

BLANCHARD & LEA, PHILADELPHIA.

Therapeutics and Materia Medica: a Systematic Treatise on the History, Description, Actions, and Uses of Medicinal Agents. By Alfred Stille, M.D. 2 vols., Octavo. pp. 1,500.

A Complete Practical Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations. By Frank H. Hamilton, M.D. 1 vol., Octavo, with about two hundred and fifty illustrations.

An Introduction to Practical Pharmacy. By Edward Parrish. Second Edition, enlarged and improved. 1 vol., Octavo, with several hundred Illustrations.

A Practical Treatise on Inflamation of the Uterus, its Cervix and Appendages; and on its Connection with Uterine Disease. By Henry Bennett, M.D. New and much enlarged edition. 1 vol., Octavo.

S. S. & W. WOOD, NEW YORK.

Clinical Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine. By John Hughes Bennett, M.D., F.R.S.E. 1 vol., 8vo. pp. 1,005. With five hundred Illustrations on Wood.

WILLIAM RADDE, NEW YORK.

Hahnemann's Organon. New Edition.

Hull's Jahr. 1 vol. or Symptomatology.

— Among the *on dits* in the literary world, are the following: That Robert Carter, now employed upon the work of Appleton's American Encyclopœdia, is about to assume certain duties in the editorial department of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and to become one of the editors of the Boston *Atlas*; and that Charles C. Hazewell, one of the editors of the Boston *Traveller*, is to remove to this city, and be employed upon the Encyclopœdia. Mr. Underwood, one of the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the late management of Phillips, Sampson, & Co., has been elected to the office of Clerk of the Supreme Court in Boston, with a salary of $3,500.

— Trubner & Co., of London, have just published a crown 8vo edition of "The Biglow Papers" of James Russell Lowell, accompanied with a preface by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." This writer says: "For real, unmistakable genius,—for that glorious fulness of power which knocks a man down at a blow for sheer admiration, and then makes him rush into the arms of the knocker down, and swear eternal friendship with him, for sheer delight, the 'Biglow Papers' stand alone." The work has been very handsomely noticed by the British Press. *Fraser* says: "The fun of the 'Biglow Papers' is quite equal to the fun of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' This is the real doggerel, the Rabelaisesque of poetry." *Blackwood's Magazine* expresses the opinion that "the rhymes are as startling and felicitous as any in 'Hudibras.' 'Sam Slick' is a mere pretender in comparison." The above edition is the second that has appeared in England. The first was a 12mo volume, which sold for three shillings and sixpence. The new issue is a shilling higher. Mr. Hotten, another London publisher, has also published an edition of the same work, in 12mo, with illustrations by Cruikshank.

FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.

KIND WORDS.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

Love bids me twine
These flowers of mine,
And joyous, in a joyous duty,
I hail your May,
Your golden day,
Your morn of sweetness, strength, and beauty!
And not alone
In gentle tone,
Some common grace of thought revealing,
I bid my heart
To yours impart
Its sacred truth of holiest feeling.

II.

As Heaven doth bless
The tenderness
Of hearts that truly love each other;
As every year
Doth more endear
The sacred love of wife and mother;
As angels charm
Their way from harm,
Whose hearts are gentle, pure, and lowly;
For you I know
Life cometh so
As only to be sweet and holy.

III.

And so I twine
These flowers of mine,
With glad belief that God will guide you
Through happy days,
In pleasant ways,
With peaceful Hope to walk beside you:
With strength to bear
Your earthly care,
With stars of joy, serene and tender;
And Love, the prize
Of Paradise,
To shield you in its fadeless splendor!

WILLIAM WINTER.

PIERRE GRASSOU.

TRANSLATED FROM BALZAC,

For the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Hearing the sound of many steps on the stairs, Fougeres arranged his hair, buttoned his green velvet waistcoat, and was a not a little surprised at seeing a person enter carrying a face so wrinkled that it looked like a melon; this fruit surmounted a figure shaped like a pumpkin, clothed in a suit of blue cloth, and ornamented with a tinkling bunch of watchseals. The melon puffed like a porpoise; the pumpkin walked upon turnips, improperly called legs. A true artist would have put the gentleman out of the door, giving as an excuse that he was not a painter of vegetables. Fougeres looked at him without laughing, for Mr. Vervelle wore on his shirt bosom a diamond worth a thousand crowns. Fougeres glanced at Magus and [illegible] "That's a splendid [illegible] other compositions of vegetables, in the persons of his wife and daughter. The wife's face looked like a piece of polished mahogany. She resembled a cocoanut surmounted with a head, and bound about the middle. She turned on her feet as on a pivot, and her dress was yellow, striped with black. She carried proudly an enormous pair of mittens upon her puffy hands, as an ensign wears his gloves. Over an extraordinary hat floated a bunch of feathers of the largest size. Over her figure, as round in the back as it was in the front, she wore a lace shawl, so that the round outline of the cocoanut was perfect. Her feet were adapted to her figure, and were adorned with cloth gaiters tipped with patent leather. How she could get her feet in them no one could say. These two were followed by a shoot of asparagus, having a green and yellow robe, a small head with its hair dressed in a bandeau, and of a carrotty yellow color, which would have delighted a Roman, long thin arms of a mottled red, and white, large innocent eyes, white eyelashes, and but faint eyebrows, an Italian straw bonnet trimmed with white satin, hands virtuously red, and feet like her mother's. The three stared round the studio with that air of pleased satisfaction, which shows an enthusiastic love for the arts.

"And you are the gentleman who is to paint our portraits?" said the father, with a patronizing air.

"Yes, sir," said Grassou.

"Vervelle, he wears the Cross," said the wife to her husband, while the painter's back was turned.

"Do you suppose I would have any but a decorated artist paint our likenesses?" said the old cork-merchant.

Elias Magus bowed to the family and went out.

Grassou followed him to the landing.

"Nobody but you could find such flesh-balls."

"A hundred thousand francs for dowry."

"Yes; but what a family!"

"Three hundred thousand francs in expectation; a house in Boucherat street; and a country-house at Ville d'Avray—you would be free from want the rest of your life," said Elias.

This idea flashed through Grassou's head, illuminating it as the morning light did his garret. In arranging the pose of the young girl's father, he found a good deal to admire in his face, full of violent contrasts of color.

The mother and daughter hovered about the painter, admiring and surprised at everything he did; he seemed to them a sort of god. This visible admiration pleased Fougeres.

"You must gain a great deal of money? But then I suppose you spend it as fast as you get it?" said the mother.

"No, madam, I do not spend it; I have no desire for that amusement. My notary invests my money for me; he keeps my accounts; when once the money is in his hands, I don't think of it again."

"They tell me," cried the father, "that all artists are like sieves."

"Who is your notary, if it is a fair question?" asked Madam Vervelle.

"A first-rate fellow named Cardot."

"Well, now, isn't that funny?" said Vervelle. "Cardot is ours."

"Don't get out of position," said the painter.

"My gracious Antenor, keep still," said the wife; "you put the gentleman out; and if you could see how he does it, you would understand——"

"Why did you not teach me the fine arts?" interrupted Miss Vervelle.

"Virginia," said her mother, "it is not proper for young persons to learn certain things. Now, when you are married——Well, keep quiet until then."

During this first sitting, the Vervelle family became almost on familiar terms with the artist. They were to come again in two days. In going home, the parents made Virginia walk ahead, but she overheard these words, which aroused her curiosity.

"A man decorated—thirty-seven years an artist—who has orders, and invests his money with our notary. Let us consult Cardot. To be called Madame Fougeres! He does not look like a bad man. You talk of a merchant; but as long as a merchant is in trade, you can't tell what may happen to your daughter; while with an economical artist—since we love the arts so—well, at any rate——"

While the Vervelle family were discussing Grassou, he was discussing them. He could not remain quiet in his studio; he went to walk up and down the Boulevard, to look at the blonde women there. He came to the strangest conclusions—that gold was the most beautiful of metals; that yellow represented gold; that the Romans liked women with yellow hair; that he would become a Roman. After two years of marriage, what man cared about his wife's complexion?—that beauty was fleeting, but ugliness lasting; money was half of happiness. That evening, on retiring, the painter had already made Virginia Vervelle charming.

When on the morning of the second sitting, the three Vervelles entered, the artist received them with an amiable smile. He had trimmed his beard, put on clean linen, arranged his hair, selected his best pantaloons, and put on his red slippers. The family responded with a smile as flattering as his. Virginia flushed the color of her hair, cast down her eyes, and turned her head, as though to look at the studies on the walls. Pierre Grassou thought these little coquetries charming. Virginia certainly was graceful. Happily, she resembled neither her father nor her mother; but whom did she resemble? "Ah, I see," he thought; "the mother must have been thinking of her business."

During the sitting, there were some witticisms passed between the family and the painter, who was audacious enough to imagine the father a man of humor. This flattering thought advanced the family greatly in the painter's good opinion; he gave one of his sketches to Virginia, and another to her mother.

"For nothing?" said they.

Pierre Grassou smiled.

"You must not give away your pictures so," said Vervelle; "they are money to you."

At the third sitting, old Vervelle talked of a splendid gallery he had in his country-house, at Ville d'Avray; of the pictures in it by Rubens, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Terburg, Rembrandt, a Titian, some by Paul Potter, etc.

"Mr. Vervelle has been foolishly extravagant," said his wife; "he has pictures that cost a hundred thousand francs."

"I am a lover of the arts," said the retired dealer in bottles.

When Mrs. Vervelle's portrait was commenced, that of the old man was almost done. The enthusiasm of the family knew no bounds. The notary had given the highest recommendation to the painter. Pierre Grassou was, in his opinion, one of the best fellows on earth; one of our most sober and sedate artists, and beside that, one who had amassed thirty-six thousand francs; his days of poverty were gone; he made ten thousand francs a year, and invested the interest of his money; taken all in all, it was impossible that he should make his wife anything else than a happy woman.

This last sentence weighed heavily in the scale. the [illegible] of the family heard nothing spoken of but portrait of Virginia, he was already, *in petto*, the son-in-law of the family. The three Vervelles flourished in the studio, which they had come to consider as their own; the regularity of the place so carefully kept, so genteel, so artistic, had an inexplicable charm for them.

Abyssus, abyssum. The vulgar attract the vulgar. Towards the end of the sitting, some one came rushing up-stairs the door was thrown violently open, and Joseph Bridau entered. He was greatly excited, his hair in disorder, his face contracted, and his eyes flashing. He crossed the room; came quickly up to Grassou, holding his coat together, and trying to button it, but the wooden part of the button had slipped out from its cloth covering.

"Wood is dear," said he.

"Ah!"

"The English are after me. Do you paint such things as these?"

"Keep quiet."

"Certainly."

The Vervelle family, greatly disgusted at this strange apparition, changed from their ordinary red, to the most flaming cherry color.

"But," continued Joseph, "they are ransacking everywhere for me."

"Do you need much?"

"Ainée for five hundred. There is one of these creditors after me who is like a dog, who if he once gets hold, never lets go until he has carried away the piece. What rascals!"

"I will write you a note to my notary——"

"A, you have a notary?"

"Yes."

"That explains why you paint cheek red enough to serve as excellent signs for a perfumer."

Grassou could not but blush. Virginia was sitting to his [illegible]

"Approach nature as she is," continued the great painter. "The young lady is rosy. Well, is that mortal crime? In art everything is spendid. Put fine cinabre on your palette for me; warm up those cheeks; show their little brown spots; gloss it over. Do you want to have more wit than nature has?"

"Bye," said Fougeres, "take my place while I go to see."

Vervelle rolled towards the table, and whispered to Grassou—

"If that fellow there will spoil it all."

"He will paint the portrait of your Virginia, it will be worth a thousand times more than mine."

Hiring this Vervelle quietly retreated towards his wife, who sat stupified at the invasion of this savage creature, and not at all satisfied at seeing him assist in paining her daughter's portrait.

"Here, follow these indications," said Bridau, giving up the palette and taking the note. "I don't trust you; I am going back to Arthez's chateau, where I am painting the diningroom, and where Leon de Lora is painting a masterpiece over the door. Come there to see us!"

Brushed out without saying more, having seen each of Virginia.

"Who is that man?" said Mrs. Vervelle.

"A great artist," answered Grassou.

There was a momentary pause.

"Are you certain he has not injured my picture?" said Virginia. "He frightened me."

"He has done nothing but what is right."

"If he is a great artist, I prefer a great artist such as you are," said Mrs. Vervelle.

"Oh, mother, Mr. Fougeres is by far the best painter we shall paint me full length," said Virginia."

The eccentricities of genius had frightened these people out of regular habits.

It was that part of Autumn so pleasantly called Saint Luke's Summer. With the timidity of an inexperienced youth, in the presence of a man of genius, Vervelle risked offering to the painter an invitation to his country-house for the next Sunday; he knew how few attractions a simple family could offer to an artist.

"For you, he said, sensations are a necessity; you require great sights and the company of men of wit; but we have good wine in our house, and I depend upon my gallery to compensate for the ennui that an artist like you must feel in the company of merchants."

This idolatry, so flattering to his self-esteem, charmed Grassou, unaccustomed as he was to such compliments. The artist, so honest, so fearfully mediocre, with so sterling a heart and so loyal a life, so stupid in his drawing but such an excellent fellow, decorated with the royal order of the Legion of Honor, arrayed himself to spend the last of the pleasant days of the year at Ville d'Avray. He went out modestly in a public coach, and could not but admire the pretty cottage of the bottle-merchant, situated in the middle of a park of five acres, at the summit of Ville d'Avray, at the very best point to command a view. To marry Virginia, would be to own this cottage at some future day. He was received by the Vervelles with an enthusiasm, a joy, a warm and frank expression of vulgar pleasure, that confounded him. It was a day of triumph for them. They led their future connection round the gravelled paths, which had been freshly raked over, as they should always be for a great man. Even the trees looked as though they had been combed; the lawns were trimmed. The air wafted from the kitchen the most appetizing odors. Everybody and everything about the house seemed to cry out, We have a great artist among us. The short father Vervelle rolled about like an apple in his park, the daughter meandered like an eel, the mother followed with a noble and dignified tread. The three did not leave him for seven hours. After the dinner, which was as long as it was sumptuous, Mr. and Mrs. Vervelle commenced their great theatrical stroke, by throwing open the doors of the gallery, which was in a blaze of light. Three neighbors, retired merchants, a rich uncle, invited to be present at the ovation to the great artist, an old Miss Vervelle, and the rest of the guests, followed Grassou into the gallery, all curious to hear his opinion upon Mr. Vervelle's famous pictures, whose fabulous value he was so in the habit of boasting about. To look at them gave the impression that the bottle-dealer had tried to contend with the King Louis Philippe and his galleries at Versailles. The pictures, splendidly framed, had tickets on them, painted in black letters on a gold ground. You read such titles as these:

RUBENS.

Dance of Nymphs and Fawns.

REMBRANDT.

Interior of a Dissecting-room—Dr. Tromp giving a lesson to his pupils.

There were altogether one hundred and fifty pictures, all varnished and dusted; some were covered with green curtains, to conceal them from young persons.

The artist stood with his arms hanging down, his mouth wide open, and said not a word; he saw the half of his own works in this single gallery; he himself was Rubens, Paul Potter, Mieris, Metzer, Gerard Dow. Alone, he was twenty great masters.

"What is the matter? you look pale!"

"Get a glass of water, my daughter, [illegible] the."

The painter took Mr. Vervelle aside in a corner, under pretext of looking at a Murillo. Spanish painters were then in fashion.

"You bought your pictures from Elias Magus?"

"Yes; they are all originals."

"Between ourselves, how much did you give for these I will point out to you?"

They went together round the gallery. The guests were astonished at the seriousness with which the artist, in company with his host, proceeded to examine the master-pieces.

"Thirty thousand francs," said Vervelle, in a low tone; "but I say forty."

"Forty thousand francs for a Titian?" said the artist aloud, "that would be almost nothing."

"When I tell you, though, that I have pictures costing one hundred thousand crowns."

"I painted all the pictures I showed you," said Grassou, in his host's ear; "and I did not get more than ten thousand francs for them all."

"Prove that to me," said the bottle-dealer, "and I will double my daughter's dowry; for you then are Rubens, Rembrandt, Terburg, Titian."

"Magus is a famous picture-dealer," said the painter, understanding the old appearance given to his paintings, and the reason for the subjects suggested to him by the old broker.

Far from falling in the esteem of the family, Mr. Fougeres, for they persisted in so calling him, grew so much in their good graces, that he painted their portraits gratis, and presented them to his father-in-law, mother-in-law, and wife.

To-day Pierre Grassou, who has not missed a single exhibition, passes for one of our best portrait-painters. He makes twelve thousand francs a-year, and spoils in doing it canvas worth five hundred. His wife has six thousand francs income from her dowry; he lives with her parents. They all agree excellently, keep a carriage, and are the happiest people in the world.

Pierre Grassou does not go out of the vulgar circle in which he is considered one of the greatest artists of the age. He paints no portrait, except in his studio, and for five hundred francs. As he was conspicuous in the commotion on the twelfth of May, he was made an officer in the Legion of Honor. He is leader of a battalion in the National Guard. The gallery at Versailles could not escape ordering a battle-piece from so excellent a citizen. Mrs. Fougeres adores her husband, to whom she has presented two children. The painter, though a good husband and a good father, cannot free himself from a fatal thought; the artists laugh at him, his name is a term of contempt in the studio, the papers do not mention his works. But he continues painting, and will yet become a member of the Academy. If he does, what vengeance will fill his breast! He buys pictures from good artists when they are in money troubles, and has replaced the daubs in the gallery at Ville d'Avray, by really good paintings, which are not his own. There are painters worse than Pierre Grassou, and he in other respects is secretly charitable and very obliging.

FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.

THE THORN.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

"Every rose, you say, has its thorn,
But this has none I know"—
And she clasped my rival's rose
Over her breast of snow.
I bowed to hide my pain,
With a man's unskilful art.
I moved my lips, and could not say
The thorn was in my heart.

— Chapman & Hall, of London, have in press a volume of Essays, by W. H. Willis, sub-editor of *Household Words*, and brother-in-law of the Edinburgh Chambers.

FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.

NO ONE STOPS TO ASK ME WHY?

BY ALICE GILL.

Passing through the street, how strangely
All the faces pass me by!
I am sad, and very lonely,
Yet, who stops to ask me why?

Though my clothes are old and ragged,
Though I sometimes pause and sigh,
Though my face is thin and faded,
No one stops to ask me why?

Girls, with cheeks where roses blushing,
With each other seem to vie,
Laugh, because they know while laughing
All the beaux would ask them why?

But, when on my breast are falling
Tears, who comes those drops to dry?
Who, with pity quickly turning,
Ever sweetly asks me why?

Oh! 'tis well when death is calling
To the poor, to lowly lie,
In the grave they'll not be wishing
Love and life to ask them why?

THACKERAY'S NEW MAGAZINE.

At last we have upon the best authority the name of the new English magazine to be conducted by Thackeray. It is to be called the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the following letter from the Editor to a subscriber will be of interest. It was published in the London *Illustrated News* of the 12th:

The *Cornhill Magazine*, Smith, Elder & Co.,
65 Cornhill, Nov. 1, 1859.

Our storehouse being in Cornhill, we date and name our magazine from its place of publication. We might have assumed a title much more startling: for example, "The Thames on Fire" was a name suggested; and, placarded in red letters about the city and country, it would no doubt have excited some curiosity; but, on going to London bridge, the expectant rustic would have found the stream rolling on in its accustomed course, and would have turned away angry at being hoaxed. Sensible people are not to be misled by fine prospectuses and sounding names. The present writer has been for five-and-twenty years before the world, which has taken his measure pretty accurately. We are too long acquainted to try and deceive one another; and, were I to propose any such astounding feat as that above announced, I know quite well how the schemer would be received, and the scheme would end.

You, then, who ask what the *Cornhill Magazine* is to be, and what sort of articles you shall supply for it; if you were told that the Editor, known hitherto only by his published writings, was in reality a great reformer, philosopher, and wiseacre, about to expound prodigious doctrines and truths until now unrevealed, to guide and direct the peoples, to pull down the existing order of things, to edify new social or political structures, and, in a word, to set the Thames on fire; if you heard such designs ascribed to him—*rarum temere?* You know I have no such pretensions; but, as an author who has written long, and had the good fortune to find a very great number of readers, I think I am not mistaken in supposing that they give me credit for experience, observation, and for having lived with educated people in many countries, and seen the world in no small variety; and having heard me soliloquize with so much kindness and favor, and say my own say about life, and men and women, they will not be unwilling to try me as conductor of a concert in which I trust [illegible]

We hope for a large number of readers, and must seek, in the first place, to amuse and interest them. Fortunately for some folks, novels are as daily bread to others; and fiction, of course, must form a part, but only a part, of our entertainment. We want, on the other hand, as much reality as possible—discussion, and narrative of events interesting to the public, personal adventure and observation, familiar reports of scientific discovery, description of social institutions,—*quicquid agunt homines*—a *Great Eastern*, a battle in China, a racecourse, a popular preacher: there is hardly any subject we *don't* want to hear about, from lettered and instructed men who are competent to speak on it.

I read the other day in the *Illustrated London News* (in my own room at home) that I was at that moment in Bordeaux, purchasing first-class claret for first-class contributors, and second-class for those of inferior cru. Let me continue this hospitable simile, and say that at our contributor's table I do not ask or desire to shine especially myself, but to take my part occasionally, and to invite pleasant and instructed gentlemen and ladies to contribute their share to the conversation. It may be a fox-hunter who has the turn to speak, or a geologist, engineer, manufacturer, Member of the House of Commons, lawyer, chemist—what you please. If we can only get people to tell what they know, pretty briefly and good-humoredly, and not in a manner obtrusively didactic, what a pleasant ordinary we may have, and how gladly folks will come to it! If our friends have good manners, a good education, and write in good English, the company, I am sure, will be all the better pleased; and the guests, whatever their rank, age, sex be, will be glad to be addressed by well-educated gentlemen and women. A professor ever so learned, a curate in his country retirement, an artizan after work hours, a schoolmaster or mistress when the children are gone home, or the young ones themselves when their lessons are over, may like to hear what the world is talking about, or be brought into friendly communication with persons whom the world knows. There are points on which agreement is impossible, and on these we need not touch. At our social table we shall suppose the ladies and children always present. We shall not set rival politicians by the ears. We shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say; and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn. The kindly fruits of the earth, which grow for all, may we not enjoy them with friendly hearts? The field is immensely wide; the harvest perennial, and rising everywhere; we can promise competent fellow-laborers a welcome and a good wage; and hope a fair custom from the public for our stores at the *Cornhill Magazine*.

W. M. THACKERAY.

—We take the following paragraph from the *Tribune*, where it appears over the initials of Mr. Hicks:

The genius and works of Washington Allston need no comment as a general rule; but those who have only seen the collection of sketches and fragments of pictures, taken from his studio after his death, and since exposed in the Boston Athæneum, can form no adequate idea of his finished works. These are mainly in the private galleries and drawingrooms of the families who purchased them from the artist while they were still fresh on his easel, and few of them are offered for public exhibition or private inspection.

Of his cabinet pictures—if we may except "The Vision of the Bloody Hand"—"The Spanish Maiden in Reverie" combines, in its conception and execution, more of the subtle spirit of the author's genius than any other of his productions. It affords another instance that a great work of art is not necessarily spread over a large surface of canvas. The completeness of this picture is admirable. In the upper left-hand corner a delicate blue sky is broken by whitish clouds and a distant mountain, which are partially reflected in a small lake. A nearer mountain occupies the upper portion of the picture, deepening in form and color till it passes out of the right of the canvas. Along its base are irregularities of earth, over the broken forms of which the waning day still lingers with tremulous light. They form the distant bank of another lake, undisturbed by a cascade which feeds its waters. On the nearer bank and in the foreground sits the "Maiden," in every portion of whose person is shown the pure spirit of the artist. She is attired in a close-fitting brown tunic, white skirt, and red shoes; a drab hat with dark feathers lies by her side; and, as if in a reverie, her ear has caught the strain of distant music; the head and body are uplifted with listening rapture. Her left hand touches the bank, and the right hand holds a wild-flower just plucked. The grace, delicacy, and beauty of this figure are unsurpassed. The unity of color is perfect; the elaborate finish faultless; while over the whole is thrown an atmospheric softness which excites the sympathy and exalts the sense of refinement.

This picture is in the care of Dr. Cogswell, at the Astor Library, where it can be seen for a short time.

A LITTLE PATTI LEAVENS THE WHOLE OPERATIC LUMP.

The managers of the Academy of Music have not been heretofore such expert marksmen as the Tyrolese patriot, who, according to accounts which are more or less reliable, saved his country by shooting an apple from his son's head at the first trial. The *impresarii* of Irving-place have been more like some of our target companies, who never hit the white even by accident. The *prime donne* they have imported from Europe this year—and, with the solitary exception of Piccolomini, for the last three or four years—have either failed altogether on their first appearance, or have taken their places in the ranks of the "fair to middling fair" artists, singers whom we could hear without any danger of being shocked, or electrified, or thrilled, or excited in any awful degree. They never hit the white in the public target. Some could not sing at all, some sang too much, some were too ugly, many too old, all had some disability at which the dainty public could turn up its delicate nose. And it did turn up its nose, and, by consequence, the Opera was going to the dogs. Everything was tried. The company was strengthened. New operas were produced. The managers put forth the most plaintive appeals; but the public hardened its heart, and travelled in the error of its ways to the Draytons, the ordinary theatres, and the negro minstrels.

This was an awful state of things. Art was below par. The Opera was languishing. The liberally-disposed stockholders were looking in vain after the immense sums of money which they had advanced. *Nulla bona* was endorsed on the opera programmes; *ne exeat* was written over the scores of the new operas. Ullman, lost that genial and sunny smile, that calm sunshine of the soul for which he is so eminently distinguished, and the amiable Strakosch was enveloped in a pale green melancholy, ornamented round the edges with sky-blue. The artists trembled for their salaries, and the Sunday papers became ravenous for their little accounts. In point of fact, Irving-place was in a bad way, and there seemed to be no means of getting out of it, except by falling back upon the provinces, and making Boston and Philadelphia pay the expenses of the metropolitan campaign. That was a dangerous, and therefore a last resort. The operatic audiences in all the principal cities, no matter what the provincial Press may say to the contrary, are always *en rapport* with each other; and what will not answer for Madison-avenue will not do for Beacon or Broad street.

The Opera-managers were in as perplexing a predicament as that of two colored brethren who found themselves drifting out to sea in an open boat, in a high wind and a heavy sea, which threatened to swamp the chattels. "Sam," said one to the other, "can you pray?" "I don't know," was the reply, "but I'll try." "Well, you'd better," rejoined the other, "for something's got to be done mighty quick." So with the Opera: something had to be done, and, as a last resort, Strakosch produced his sister-in-law, known as "Little Patti," to distinguish her from the other Pattis, whose name is legion. Strakosch had been considerably snubbed for his memorable Italian campaign, and now there were serious doubts as to whether anything good could come out of Nazareth or Ninth-avenue. So there was very little said about Patti. She was sent afloat on an off-night, and, with a small biscuit or two tossed into her boat by kindly amateurs who remembered her child-triumphs, launched boldly out into a sea which contains many worse rocks than Scylla or Charybdis. How she succeeded, how she hit the white and rang the bell many times in succession, how she astonished everybody, how she stirred up the most *blasé* men about town, is already the talk of the city. Her triumph has but one parallel—that of Malibran, who came here at the age of eighteen, all unknown, and sang herself at once into the Temple of Fame—in fact, occupied that mythical edifice altogether for awhile. Miss Patti, considering all the circumstances, has made a more profound impression than Jenny Lind or Piccolomini at their first appearances here, and the most brilliant career is open to the new American prima donna. Strakosch, as he had all the obloquy of the failures of the season, deserves great credit for this full and genuine success of his *protégée*. Of course there is a great deal of surprise at the discovery of this little girl, who can sing so much better than the best artists that we have been able to get from Europe; and there are people who say that it is a managerial dodge of Christopher Columbus Strakosch and Napoleon Bonaparte Ullmann to bring out some cheap and poor singers from Europe, in order to give little Patti a better chance, and show our people—what they ought to know by this time—that we have no real occasion to go abroad for our singing-birds. But whatever may have been the motive—whether the managers intended to do a clever thing, or whether they seized upon it in desperation—the result is the same. It is a very gratifying, a very novel and a very curious result. Everybody has been trying to save the opera, managers, stockholders, journalists, and all, without any very tremendous amount of success, when out steps this little girl, and with the magic of her voice dispels the clouds which obscured the operatic horizon; and the Opera is saved.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PFAFF'S.

[From the N. Y. correspondence of the Boston *Saturday Express.*]

On the shore of that sea which is always troubled, and tossing in a madness of omnibuses and target-shooters, and men, women, and children who are too late for something—Broadway—but far enough removed to catch only the hoarse echoes of its multitudinous thunder; seldom penetrated by the waifs, the organ-grinders' poor girls, that want pennies, and, I fancy, pity, sometimes, or the wretches that have stranded on the stony shore—under the pavement, and the pretty petticoats and illimitable legs, and all the melancholy faces in their pride and paint, and pretence of expensive dinners which have never been eaten, and reputations which have never been won—there is a saloon. The sign to the sea is a modest one, and mariners in the yeast only discern faintly the words "PFAFF" and "RESTAURATION," neither of which has a light-house alluring significance.

Cut off from the main apartment, and nestling, like some coral home of happy mermaids, right below the distracted main; unattainable by the chance applicants for the nebulous glories of a glass of very excellent beer, or the consolations of a dinner worthy of a more celebrated cuisine, a small, casual room, undefined in proportions, embracing a round table and some chairs, and a gallant row of wine-casks, prepared, all of them, for any bibulous emergency, attracts the querulous attention of the uninitiated, who do things at bars in the common way.

This is the capital of BOHEMIA; this little room is the rallying-place of the subjects of King Devilmay-care; this is the anvil from which fly the brightest scintillations of the hour; this is the womb of the best things that society has heard for many-a-day; this is the trysting-place of the most careless, witty, and jovial spirits of New York,—journalists, artists, and poets.

Bohemia centralizes here at PFAFF'S about five o'clock in the dimming day. The splendors of aristocracy are wanting. It is a plain place in tone and appointment—unmirrored, unhung with the pictures of masters, unsoftened by carpet or cushion, breathing no soft perfume or superior music.

But when the throne is set, and the king is on it; when the brilliant fellows who give the dish of life its condiment, and recklessly sprinkle themselves like pulverized diamond into the floating literature of the day, are unreverentially gathered around; when, breathlessly rapid, a German Mercury deposits favorite food and gobblets foaming full, and hoary-headed pipes upon the unlovered board; when the text of the moment is announced, and the mouths open all about the table for hap-hazard emissions of quip, and quirk, and queer conceit, of melancholy mirth and laughing madness; when the shuttlecock of soul is in the air, and every battledore of sympathy is striking at it,—then, dearly beloved, who count your sphere a very much higher and nobler and more respectable one than this, there is lustre in the atmosphere, and celestial cymbals make melody, and clay is turned to shining gold!

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

The Saturday Press Book List.

The readers' particular attention is invited to our WEEKLY BOOK-LIST, on the first page. In this List we give, regularly, the title, size, price, publisher, etc., of all new Books, American and English, as fast as they issue from the press,—the information being collected at great expense of both time and money, and with the exclusive object of giving additional value to our columns. To all persons interested in the purchase or sale of Books, this list is invaluable, especially as nothing approaching it in completeness or reliability can be found in the country.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our readers will have the kindness to observe that THE SATURDAY PRESS, in its weekly Book-List (see first page), publishes a greater variety of literary intelligence than can be found in any other journal in the country, or, for that matter, in the world. Moreover, all the information thus given is derived from authentic sources, and can be relied on, therefore, as absolutely correct; whereas three-fourths of the literary items which find their way into the columns of the daily and weekly Press, are either wholly destitute of truth, or so inaccurately stated as to be without the least practical value. This may sound like boasting on our part, but considering that THE SATURDAY PRESS is the only journal in existence which has ever been at the trouble and expense of furnishing its readers with a complete list of New Books and Books in Press, we have a right to boast, and wish the public distinctly to understand that we do so. Indeed, we go so far as to say that no man interested, directly or indirectly, in the purchase or sale of Books, can dispense with THE SATURDAY PRESS without serious loss to himself. As for Book-publishers and Booksellers, in every part of the country, THE SATURDAY PRESS is invaluable to them.

A WORD IN SEASON.

We take the liberty of suggesting to our friends that as good a Christmas or New Year's present, in its way, as they could select, would be a *year's subscription to* THE SATURDAY PRESS. An obvious advantage of such a present is that the recipient would be pleasantly reminded of the donor every week during the year.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our friends who intend to renew their subscriptions to THE SATURDAY PRESS for the ensuing year, will please to do so at as early a day as convenient.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BORN, APRIL 3, 1783.

DIED, NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

The hand which now essays this eulogy, has often handled the pages of WASHINGTON IRVING. When we began first to read, we read *The Sketch Book*; we read *Salmagundi*; we read *Tales of a Traveller*. How great must have been our love of him—a love fostered by the old family tradition! We feel it now to have been strong, great, and decided. Whatever Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING did, he did well. There is no better, purer, sweeter English prose than his. There is no American writer who has made such an Anglo-American reputation. He came at an early period—comparatively early, we mean—into the field of letters. His *History of New York* is the finest satire since those of Swift. His *Salmagundi* compared favorably with *The Spectator*. The charms of *Bracebridge Hall*, and of *Tales of a Traveller*, seduced the sternest of the English critics, and obtained the patronage of Mr. Murray, a great English publisher. As a literary man, he was not afraid either of hard work or of hack-work. He could have had no particular temptation to undertake either *The Life of Columbus*, *The Alhambra*, *Abbotsford*, or *Newstead Abbey*; but he worked upon all these with a will,—just as he worked, afterwards, upon his great serious work, *The Life of Washington*. He had the true feeling of a literary man—that proper sense of his own importance, and of the importance of his own proper productions, which sustained him in poverty, and afterwards brought him wealth. He was the most eminent instance, we believe, in this country, of a gentleman rising from mediocrity to competency of fortune by the labors of his pen. If his last works were not excellent, his first were extraordinary. Since Addison, no man in the literature of our English language has been so loved. He made no enemies. He made only friends,—and these friends were made for life. Those who read him in their infancy, shed tears, yesterday, over the report of his death; remembered his generosity, his geniality, and his goodness; recollected how kind, just, and manly he had been. His works pass into English literature. His memory passes into English and American hearts. He has put his creations into New York history, as Shakespeare has put his into English history. Dutch governors are as immortal as Falstaff. This was much to do, but Mr. IRVING has done it thoroughly and charmingly. No man of literary pursuits will be so remembered. No man taking to pen and ink will be so beloved. It was by a fine dispensation of Providence, that this excellent person was saved the mortification, the pain, and the distraction of poverty, and was enabled to devote himself to literary pursuits thoroughly and honestly. No man of letters will suffer a pang, to know that he was more fortunate than most of us can hope to be; that there was about his latter days the charm of affluence; that he escaped the old griefs, and ancient tortures, and chronic sorrows of the literary career. At seventy-seven years of age, he goes to his grave more thoroughly beloved than any writer in the country. May we hope that he will sleep as quietly as Rip Van Winkle, and rise to a morning more glorious than that which burst upon the old Dutchman! Of all American writers who have lived, published, and died, no one is so sure of fame as WASHINGTON IRVING.

MORE COMICALITY.

The *Sunday Courier* grows more and more comic. Sunday seems to operate upon the editor's spirits like exhilarating gas. Every recurrence of the day finds him breaking out all over with that species of reckless, rampant humor, which on common working days is never found outside of the circus. Last Sunday, the preternatural fun of the man was exhibited chiefly in several bristling (or bristly) little paragraphs, all about the SATURDAY PRESS. Finding that the PRESS is opposed to hanging, he says, with a delicacy and originality of wit beyond all imitation: "The motive of the editor is transparent. The dodge will not do in these diggings. While the SATURDAY PRESS is published, no right-minded person will listen to such a thing as the abolition of hanging."

Now we feel so bad at having laid ourself open to such elegant and original (not to say aboriginal) satire, that we are half tempted to save the State all trouble in the matter, and hang ourself forthwith, with our own hands.

But funnier than anything we have yet mentioned in connection with the *Courier*, is the reason that induces its editor to make us the victim of his terrible wit. Poor man, he doesn't like it because we said, the other day, that the opinions of certain journalists could be purchased at so much a line. Well then, sooner than subject ourselves to another attack from his elegant, though dangerous pen, we will except the *Courier* from our remark, and concede, for instance, that the following opinions, solemnly expressed in its last issue, are the unbought, unbiased, carefully-considered convictions of its, in that case, omnivorous, omniscient, and benevolent editor. The reader will observe that these opinions are worded with that exquisite taste which marks every paragraph that comes from the writer's funny, fertile, and immaculate brain.

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.—This attractive work treats on the origin and cure of diseases, and also on marriage and sexual philosophy. The sick man finds a plain guide-board to health in Part 1st; while those in health find the true philosophy of attraction between the sexes in Part 2d. The "Philosophy of Exponents," is a funny but truthful chapter. The book contains 300 illustrated pages, at the low price of $1. It can be had by applying personally, or by mail, to the author.

To enjoy pedestrian exercise, especially when indulged in Broadway, you should wear one of ——'s elegant and stylish hats, and as the weather is admirably adapted for this purpose just now, we recommend gentlemen of taste to visit ——'s, Broadway, and make a purchase.

Ladies, purchase a pair of ——'s Balmoral Boots. They are stout, wellmade, and comfortable, manufactured expressly for Winter wear, and sold at very reasonable prices. ——'s establishment is at No. — Broadway.

Mr. C. ——, the proprietor of the well-known restaurant, No. — Nassau street, by his tact, experience, and liberality, has rendered it exceedingly popular with the business men of its neighborhood. It is a capital place to take your meals at, and if you are fond of oysters, remember that Capt. —— has charge of this department.

If those who see the crowds passing in and out of — Nassau street daily, about lunch time, think that those they see go there solely to exchange good natured words of greeting with the courteous ——, they mistake. —— has achieved a great reputation for his steaks, chops, and other good things, and people go to try them. That's it.

Judging by its effects on several of our acquaintances, the inventor of the —— Bitters must have got the best Indian recipe, and improved it by the aid of advanced medical science. Most advertised bitters slay the dyspeptic, but spare the dyspepsia. This does exactly the reverse.

Dr. ——'s Beautifier will positively remove tan, pimples, freckles, and will impart a permanent bloom to the complexion. For sale by ——, —Bleecker street, and by druggists generally.

Bear's grease has had its day. The injurious ponatums are no more the rage. Soft French Tallow, introduced by Mrs. ——, No. — Ann street, is now recognised as the only thing to beautify without injuring the human hair.

Now why we should ever have supposed that editorial paragraphs like these were paid-for by the line, we can't now imagine. A moment's reflection would have satisfied us that the *Courier*-man's intimate knowledge of bear's grease, pimple cures, bitters, sexual philosophy, the hat business, grog-selling, etc., etc., would naturally be such, that to get up puffy little paragraphs like the above about them would be one of the most agreeable and unctuous occupations of his otherwise dry and monotonous life. And of course in that case he could not dream of charging anything for them, while he would just as willingly go to the ground.

But however that may be, we now make a full recantation, so far as the *Courier* is concerned, and accept the above and all similar articles which ornament its pages from week to week, as the spontaneous tribute of its editor to the manufacturing and humbugging interests of the country.

Is the editor satisfied?

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

I will not trust myself to comment upon "Avolio, and other Poems," by Paul H. Hayne. My judgment could not be set at a pin's fee if I did. When I was a child I thought him a greater poet than Tennyson, and childish impressions are not easily worn off. Being myself a native of the same State and city with the author, and one of his earliest acquaintances, it would seem even a little indelicate for me to sing his praises. I copy here one of the many sonnets contained in the little volume, and leave it to justify itself.

LOVE.

Suffering!—and yet magnificent in pain!
Mysterious!—yet like Spring-showers in the sun,
Veiling the light with their melodious rain
Life from the worlds beyond hath radiance won;
Its gloomiest phase is as the clouds that mourn
'Neath the majestic brightness of the Azure
Where nobler orbs in deathless daylight burn,
And God's great pulses beat their music-measure;
The Heaven we worship dimly, girt with tears
The spirit Heaven! what is it but a Life,
Lifting its soul beyond our mortal years
That oft begin, and ever end in strife—
Strife we must pass to win a happier Height;
Nature but travails to reveal us—light.

***

Did any one discover the plot, the merest outline of the plot of the Magic Flute, without assistance from the libretto? If so, he or she ought to have lived in the time when the Sphinx's riddle was propounded. That mind would have defeated an Almanac of Sphinxes.

The plot however might have been contrived on this ingenious plan. The author takes a punch-bowl (if not convenient, his hat will do as well), cites a number of anecdotes, and puts them into the bowl miscellaneously. He then puts on a pair of green spectacles, and drawing them out one after the other places them side by side. He then begins at the 2d one, follows it accurately, so on to the next, without regard to sentiment or circumstance, until he comes to the end. It is then ready to be set to music, and put in time to become classic.

***

The appearance of "la petite Patti" brings it to life a type of voice that seemed to be disappearing out of the world—the utterly melodious. Her voice has no dramatic accent, no dramatic power at all. Music through her accomplishes its simplest and highest purpose—the production of sweet sounds. For the eye she has nothing; but her voice is the ear's parade.

***

Dickens's story is finished at last, and we are one of us satisfied. I can't help feeling that the hero led like a fanatical muff. On the mere possible chance of saving the life of some old steward or other, he risks his own life, his wife's, her friend's, her father's, their child's, and actually sacrifices, though unwittingly, his friend's. If a man takes upon himself to trade uninvited into a den of lions, under the belief that he is called upon to teach those self-willed creatures the laws of propriety and morals, ten to one they prefer to study gastronomy without his assistance, and put us, as we do radishes of a summer morning. Reader need not expect such luck with beasts as our friend's gentle Daniel had.

In these days, when philanthropy is so followed, a new invention added to her stock of trades is a blessing. Temperance, anti-lunatic asylumism, anti-slavery, anti-capital punishments, are getting to be very tedious insects. I offer to any reformer, as a gift, my new branch of philanthropy—a crusade against the fatal pie. I enroll myself as the first anti-pieist.

By the pie, I mean that dense, leaden-head concavity of dough, into which a certain damp, lumpy substance is introduced, called by compliment after various respectable fruits. This awful thing has found its way into most private dwellings, and into all public houses. Its use in many places supersedes that of brandy, but the two horrible drugs are often consumed together. The outer walls of the fatal pie are composed of musty and inexpable flour, united to the lard of hogs, grown too rabid even for the consumption of that animal. Into these domestic coffins are placed masses of superannuated preserves, doctored with any or many of the acid family, and the whole hermetically sealed with a cover of the coffin-mass.

I have seen fathers of family preaching against the horrors of spiritnous liquors, while they were building up dyspeptic mountains on the plates of their children, in the shape of the demoniac pie. Last week I visited one of those 'pie cellars, in which the clerks of the business city come down to swallow a hasty lunch of the pie. Innocent young men with blue eyes and corn-like hair, entrusted with banking business, with brokerage, with speculations in stocks, with commission business, with flour and grains, with book-publishing, etc., all, all sucked into this whirlpool, all standing in their spotless innocence and glowing faith to feed on the accursed food. One fair young man demanded a pumpkin pie, a blear, circular thing, apparently moist from the breaking out of a horrid perspiration through its ghastly pores, and covered with a light-yellow glue, born it seemed of the union of soft soap and sugar, through which ran intersecting streaks of dark-orange, swelling out like angry veins. Into the innocent mouth this thing is thrust, jammed, nay, crammed, and lo, in a moment it has joined the invisibles. The glass of cheap brandy which follows the pie, seemed to me in comparison to it a most harmless fluid, a most mild form of madness.

While travelling in England a fearful accident occurred to me, while on the train for Oxford. Even now I tremble and turn pale in relating it. It was near dusk; it was raining slightly, and the wind moaned drearily through the screams of the engine. In the midst of a short nap, I was awakened by the cry, "ten minutes for refreshments." In a few minutes, one of the gentlemen who had occupied the same car with me returned, and begged me to eat a certain something which it was too dark for me to see. Supposing it to be a respectable cake or roll, I bit into one side of it, and instantly felt as if my teeth were those of the Dragon of Cadmus, and were about to rise up to slay me, through outraged personality. Reader, I had bitten an *Eel-Pie*. Years may snow their whiteness upon this head, this hand may become palsied, this heart may lose the faculty of admiration,—but never will I forget the emotion of that moment.

You have all of you tasted the eel, and you have all of you remarked that, alas! too many of them suggest the unmitigated whale-blubber. Those are the ones usually devoted to the pie, after having been served up as a fish and refused by the imploring palate. They are then shut up in opaque and air-tight walls of dough, and left to intensify and aggravate their own implacable spermoiliness. When these have remained on the counter two or three days, imagine the emotion of one who opens them. The feeling of the Fisherman who opened the casket and let the tallest of the Genii out of it, was mild in comparison.

I am going to close this article with the melancholy confessions of a pie-eater. 'Twas in a private and select circle that he rose up, suddenly, and spoke. "Oh! my friends," he cried, "I have had youth, and strength, and friends, and hopes like you—but where are they all? buried under the fatal pie. Avoid the pie, for it leadeth to death; it seemeth brilliant and fair, but it leads to ruin and death. My father was a noble soap-boiler, and I was the pride of his heart. One miserable day, I met with evil companions who persuaded me to dotage, delivered over in their second childhood to the tender mercies of dough. Oh, wretched pie! thou wast the rock upon which the bark of my hopes struck and went down. From that moment I became a slave to pie. My wife entreated, my child held up its little hands, my friends reasoned, the pastor prayed for me; but the demon had entered my soul, and would not be dispossessed. I went on eating, eating to my own ruin. Day after day, night after night, I haunted the pie-cellar, with staring eyes and dishevelled hair, eating, eating, until the friendly policeman conveyed me to my abode. Oh, that abode! how had the loveliness of its walls fallen away! Pie was written on every fragment of my broken hearthstone,—pie, on the haggard face of my wife,—pie, on the starving raggedness of my children! I had now eaten up all my substance; through the medium of pie I had masticated whole acres of landed estate and thirteen brick houses. Finally, the last sad act of the stern drama remains to be told. One night I returned home in a state of madness, and, unable to sleep, ordered one of my children forth to purchase more pie. Heedless of her entreaties, I forced her forth. She returned with the pie in her trembling hands. While I devoured it, I heard the sounds of sobs and cries proceeding from my wife and children, who now slept on the floor, their bed having been parted with the preceding week. A fiendish thought suddenly swirled into my mind. Enraged by their grief, I determined to make them eat of the pie. I seized my wife by the hair, and dragged her to the middle of the room. 'Wretch,' I cried, 'eat, eat!'—Vain were her tears, her entreaties, her anguish. By force, she ate of the pie; by force the children devoured it. Suddenly smitten by remorse and terror, I left them swooning on the floor, and fled forever from the wretched hovel. I know not whether death claimed them as its victims; but from that hour I was a changed man, and pie hath not since passed my lips.

"'Oh! my friends, my young friends, take solemn warning by me; and remember that the feet of the pie-eater are planted on dough, and oceans of tartar-emetic roll around him. On one side yawns the pumpkin-Charybdis; on the other towers blackly the cold-meat Scylla!"—Here the voice stopped, and I was about to burst into tears, when one of the inmates of the room cut off the floodgates of my emotion. He said, "Pay no attention to that stupid old dyspeptic! He gets the nightmare occasionally, and talks in that way. To-night he has over-eaten—nay, he has gorged himself with mince-pie, and this is the result!"

This, indeed, staggered me; for everybody knows that none of the reformed drunkards ever preach eloquent temperance under the sunset glow which the human anatomy receives from Jamaica rum. Ah, no; never!

Sea-ceding from the Union.

Numerous facts, says a contemporary, indicate that the State of New Jersey is settling down beneath the sea at the rate of about a foot in a hundred years.

The Stockholder's Proverb.

A Receiver is as bad as a thief.

Canine.

A correspondent asks, if a Skye-terrier is a high-bred dog, what a low-bred dog is? To which Jo. Cose promptly replies, a "well"-bred dog.

Illinois Couplet.

A little country is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Peorian spring.

New Mot.

It is proposed to start a new comic paper, devoted to mots and things, and to be called *The Mowing Machine!*

Adelina Patti.

Still on the margin of the Sea of Life,
Which all in vain her wondrous eyes would scan,
She raised her voice—and o'er its waters ran
A sudden thrill, with joy and beauty rife.
The restless waves kept measure with her song,
The listening hills sent back a glad refrain,
And every billow of the swelling main,
From crest to crest, passed the sweet sound along.
Each little bark upon the bounding sea,
Danced to the cadence of her tuneful voice,
While pitti-patti went each pulse with glee,
And hearts long joyless could not but rejoice;
For not a bird by flowery lawn or lea,
E'er filled the sky with such sweet minstrelsy.

H. C. JR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1859.

To this Complexion, etc.

The *Ledger* has ceased to advertise Mr. Everett among its contributors, except as an "etc."

We learn that the Hon. "etc." is to continue to contribute to the columns of the *New York Ledger* after the completion of the Mount Vernon Papers, Mr. Bonner having made an arrangement with him to that effect. The compensation which "etc." is to receive is not announced. He does not, however, write this time for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund.

How to get a Private Library for less than nothing.

Become a "Literary Correspondent" and toady the booksellers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press

For the week ending Saturday, December 3, 1859.

The Secret Out; or, One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations. Illustrated with over Three Hundred Engravings. And containing clear and comprehensive explanations how to perform with ease all the Curious Card Deceptions, and Sleight-of-Hand Tricks extant. With an endless variety of entertaining Experiments in Drawing-Room or White Magic, including the Celebrated Science of Second Sight. Together with a choice collection of intricate and puzzling Questions, Amusements in Chance, Natural Magic, etc., etc., etc. By the author of "The Sociable; or, One Thousand and One Home Amusements," "The Magician's Own Book," etc., etc. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The Prairie Traveller. A Hand-Book for Overland Expeditions. With Maps, Illustrations, and Itineraries of the Principal Routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific. By Randolph B. Marcy, Captain U. S. Army. 12mo, pp. 340. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

The Queen of Hearts. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Dead Secret," "After Dark," etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 472. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

Doesticks's Letters and What He Says; containing the whole of his celebrated and Original Letters. By Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P.B., author of "Plu-ri-bus-tah," "The Elephant Club," "The Witches, Prophets, and Planet-Readers of New York," etc. 12mo, pp. 330. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

The Witches of New York; a faithful Revelation and Exposition of the Doings of all the Principal Astrologists, Sorceresses, Prophets, Clairvoyants, Witches, Planet-Readers, and other Votaries of the Black Art, in the City of New York. By Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P.B., author of "Doesticks's Letters," "The Elephant Club," "Plu-ri-bus-tah," etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 405. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

The History and Records of the Elephant Club. Compiled from Authentic Documents in Possession of the Zoological Society. By Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P.B., author of "Doesticks's Letters," "Plu-ri-bus-tah," "The Witches, Prophets, and Planet-Readers of New York," etc. 12mo, pp. 321. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

Plu-ri-bus-tah: A Song that's by no Author; A Deed with a Name. By Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P.B., author of "Doesticks's Letters," "The Elephant Club," "The Witches, Prophets, and Planet-Readers of New York," etc. 12mo, pp. 261. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1859.

London Illustrated Almanac, for 1860. Splendidly Illustrated. London: Office of Illustrated London News. New York: Willmer & Rogers.

Lionel Lincoln; or, The Leaguer of Boston. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo, pp. 464. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

The Woodcutter of Lebanon. A Story illustrative of a Jewish Institution. 18mo, pp. 144. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.

The Young Men of America. A Prize Essay. By Samuel Batchelder, Jr. Reprinted from "The Young Men's Magazine." 12mo, pp. 70. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. Complete in one volume. 8vo, pp. 211. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

Book of Plays for Home Amusement: being a Collection of Original, Altered, and Selected Tragedies, Plays, Dramas, Comedies, Farces, Burlesques, Charades, Lectures, etc., carefully arranged, and specially adapted for Private Representation, with full directions for performance. By Silas Steele, Dramatist. 12mo, pp. 352. Philadelphia: George G. Evans.

The History of South Carolina, from its First European Discovery to its Erection into a Republic; with a supplementary book, bringing the Narrative down to the present time. By William Gilmore Simms, author of "The Yemassee," "Entaw," "Cassique of Kiawah," "The Scout," etc. New and Revised Edition. 12mo, pp. 437. New York: Redfield. 1859.

Select Sermons. Preached in the Broadway Church, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D. 12mo, pp. 348. New York: Henry Lyon. 1859.

Christianity and Modern Infidelity—their Relative Intellectual Claims Compared. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, Perpetuate Curate of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire, author of "The Verities of the Church," "Vindication of the Church of England," etc., etc. With an Index, prepared for the American Edition. 12mo, pp. 430. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1859.

Preachers and Preaching. By Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., author of "Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes," "Romanism at Home," "Men and Things in Europe," "Parish and Other Pencillings," "The Happy Home," etc. 12mo, pp. 303. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Stories; or, Rainbow and Lucky. By Jacob Abbott. 12mo, pp. 187. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

— The "Heart of the Andes," Mr. Church's celebrated picture, now on exhibition at the Studio in Tenth street, will be removed next week to Boston, to be exhibited in the gallery of the Boston Athenæum.

— Mr. Ruskin has written the following interesting letter to the *London Times* on the subject of the new Turner Gallery:

SIR,—At the time of my departure for the Continent some months ago I had heard it was proposed to light the Turner Gallery at Kensington, with gas; but I attached no importance to the rumor, feeling assured that a commission would be appointed on the subject, and that its decision would be adverse to the mode of exhibition suggested.

Such a commission has, I find, been appointed, and has, contrary to my expectation, approved and confirmed the plan of lighting proposed.

It would be the merest presumption in me to expect weight to be attached to any opinion of mine, opposed to that of any one of the gentlemen who formed the commission; but as I was officially employed in some of the operations connected with the arrangement of the Turner Gallery at Marlborough-house, and as it might therefore be supposed by the public that I at least concurred in recommending the measures now taken for the exhibition of the Turner pictures in the evening, at Kensington, I must beg your permission to state in your columns that I take no share in the responsibility of lighting the pictures either of Reynolds or Turner with gas; that, on the contrary, my experience would lead me to apprehend serious injury to those pictures from such a measure; and that it is with profound regret that I have heard of its adoption.

I specify the pictures of Reynolds and Turner, because the combinations of coloring material employed by both these painters are various, and to some extent unknown; and also because the body of their colors shows peculiar liability to crack and to detach itself from the canvas. I am glad to be able to bear testimony to the fitness of the gallery at Kensington, as far as could be expected under the circumstances, for the exhibition of the Turner pictures by daylight, as well as to the excellence of Mr. Wornum's chronological arrangement of them in the three principal rooms.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, Oct. 20.

Literary Notes.

— The *Sunday Courier*, speaking of one of our most brilliant correspondents, says:

"Those who only knew the fair ADA as a theatrical debutante, did not know what a charming talent she possessed as a writer, and they might never have known it at all, had not one of our weekly cotemporaries offered facilities for communicating her "Thoughts and Things" to the public. ADA writes with a sparkling insouciance very unusual among her sex; only a few have shown themselves possessed of her rare talent; Lady Wortley Montagu, Lady Morgan, and that brilliant Frenchwoman who assumed the name of Vicomte de Launay, are all we remember who had the dash, vim, liveliness, and good sense—for what are all other qualities without good sense?—of our own spirituelle ADA CLARE."

— The Address of Wm. Henry Fry at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, before the Mercantile Library Association, is postponed to Thursday the 15th inst., when everybody who loves wit, humor, satire, good sense, and everything but old-fogyism, should be present.

— A young lady of Edgefield, S. C., recently attended a family soirée as "*The Evening News*." One who was there describes her dress (made entirely of newspapers), as being decidedly unique and very beautiful. It is said to have presented by candlelight a resemblance to the richest brocade, so skilful and tasteful was the arrangement of its columns.

— The *Sunday Courier*, which can't possibly understand how an editor can have an opinion on any subject unless he is paid for it at so much a line, asks whether THE SATURDAY PRESS is waiting for an advertisement from the *American Bible Society* before it decides what to think of Christianity. How smart!

— The *N. Y. Tribune* calls the following baby-trash by Walter Savage Landor a jeu d'esprit. We should think it was, and very bad esprit at that:

"AN ITALIAN GIRL TO HER UNCLE LOUIS.

"Uncle, you said that you would come
"And bring with you a big plum-cake;
"I only find a little plum
"In much waste paper—sad mistake!

"I promised every girl at school
"That I would give them each a slice.
"Some call *you* cheat—some call *me* fool.
"This trick you shall not play me twice.

"*Sienna*, Aug. 29, 1859.

The *Tribune* accompanies the thing with the very just remark that "one who does not see at once how happy the hit is will not appreciate it." *C'est ça.*

— Bayard Taylor closed a lecture delivered in San Francisco, on the 18th of October, with reciting the following poem, which had been written on that day:

CALIFORNIA.

O fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which the world can boast,
Whose guardian planet, evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast,

How art thou conquered, famed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy Master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills,
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from the house of snows.

But where the wild oats wrapped thy knees in gold
The ploughman drives his share;
And where, through canons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare!

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall lie;
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines;
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines!

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,
Thy bay the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil:

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee!

— The sale of Messrs. Phillips and Sampson's stock went off on the 17th ult., at Boston, with considerable spirit. The chief objects of competition were the stereotype-plates of the late firm; these were warmly contended for by the leading publishers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The highest price brought by any lot of plates was $7,200 given for the sixteen volumes of the well-known cheap editions of Hume's, Gibbon's, and Macauley's Histories, brought out by the late firm in rivalry with a similar series published by the Harpers. They were bought by Mr. Lee, a former partner of the house, who recommences the publishing business in Boston. The "Rollo Books," a series of fourteen small ju

Dramatic Feuilleton.

A Prima Donna upon the most Reasonable Terms.

Once upon a time, of course a great many years ago, and a great way off from here, there was a theatre, chartered as an institution for the encouragement of the art of Music, and called the Academy thereof.

Directly after the charter had been obtained and the building erected, the Muses came to take possession and were courteously entertained.

But they are very extravagant, these Muses. They, like all clever ladies, spend a terrible lot of other people's money. They ruined several managers, and were finally obliged to leave the premises.

The Academy passed into other hands. Into the hands of men who supplied the places of good singers with their own sweet voices, expressed in elaborate newspaper "cards." They attempted the old theatrical dodge of "hundreds of auxiliaries," "splendid scenery," a corps du ballet composed of the loveliest creatures in the universe, costumes manufactured by the distinguished Snooks, tailleur to the Emperor of New Jersey, and armors constructed originally in Connecticut, and especially for the John Brown insurrection.

It was Mr. Crummles's and Nicholas Nickleby's piece over again.

"We'll have a new show-piece out directly," remarked Mr. Crummles. "Let me see—peculiar re- "sources of the establishment—new and splendid "scenery—you must manage to introduce a real pump "and two washing-tubs. It'll look very well in the "bills, in separate lines—real pump! splendid tubs!"

In addition to the "real pump," there were always a good number of artists who had been triumphant or inspired, somewhere or sometime or another. No prima donna under fifty was to be looked at for a moment. At that age the voice is seasoned. These old moustaches were paid or promised immense sums. The pump and the tubs duly arrived from New Jersey, and were passed through the Custom House; some of the stockholders were so delighted that they let off some poor devils in Wall street with an easy shave, and the season began under the most magnificent auspices.

But the public didn't somehow see it. It is a wicked public, and it had no respect for the pumps. It asked for a voice.

All the prime donne put together couldn't contribute the article, and they received amongst them four or five thousand dollars per month, kept coupes, gave dinners, wore two-button gloves, and disported themselves right regally.

Thereupon one of the managers said to him of the tubs and the numerous auxiliaries ("vomited," as Bourcicault says on the stage), "I have a little girl at "home, who has a voice, and who wishes to sing. She "is so unfortunate as to be my sister-in-law, and there- "fore does not expect that she will be paid a great "deal, or have any tubs, or armors, or new clothes "built for the operas in which she may appear."

That was the modest proposition of a little thing of sixteen, one Patti, never heard of, never inspired.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Crummles did not see it, until the tubs refused to stand on their own bottoms, tumbled to pieces in fact.

Then the little girl came out; she had a contract to sing six times in each month, for

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS PER MONTH!

That was cheaper than the real tubs, was it not?

Thirty-three dollars and thirty-three-and-one-third cents plus, for singing like a Malibran, a Lind, or a Sontag!

Thirty-three dollars and thirty-three-and-one-third cents plus, for attracting to the *Sonnambula* and *Lucia* people who would not have the tubs or the inspired veterans on any terms.

Figuratively thus:

	Gross Receipts.
Polinto (inspired veterans)	$275
($2,200 per month.)	
Huguenots (great tub piece)	1400
Lucia (new prima donna)	1500
($200 per month.)	
Sonnambula (ditto)	2500

And this very reasonable prima donna, let me tell you, sings the *Sonnambula*, as no one has sung it here; in the finale she was equal to, and I think better than Lind.

This a fancy sketch, of course; but if all my fair readers—and I hope I have a good many—will go to the Matinée to-day, they may experience something like it.

The Antiquarian Researches of Mr. Walcot.

Mr. Charles Walcot, whom I adore religiously, has reached up as we say in New England "on to a high shelf," and taken down a splendid antique.

Did I hear anybody say Olympic?

You are mistaken, sir, it is older than the Olympic.

It is the comedy of the last century. An affair of that entertaining period when our venerated forefathers were getting ready to hammer away at the forces of King George. When people wore silk coats, satin breeches, point-lace ruffles, and kept on hand a stock of choice compliments for the especial delectation of the fair.

Mr. Walcot had a benefit on Wednesday, and brought out "*The Clandestine Marriage*. Com. by George Col- "man and David Garrick. Acted at Drury Lane. 8vo, "1766."

The gifted writer from whose work I quote the above title, states further, that "this is indisputably one of "the best comedies produced in the present age."

I think I may as well quote the whole of this notice (written about half a century ago) as a model for the critics of the day, who, to say the truth (a luxury in which I occasionally indulge), are a very slip-shop order of fellows:

The hint of it came from Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, as the Prologue confesses. It was received at first with very great applause, and still deservedly continues to be a favorite performance. We have usually heard that Garrick's share of this piece was Lord Ogleby and the courtly family, and Colman's, Sterling and the city family. But the following was related to us by a gentleman, who declared that it was from the mouth of Mr. Colman himself: "Garrick composed two acts, which he sent to me, desiring me to *put them together*, or do what I would with them. I did put them together, for I put them into the fire, and wrote the play myself." Garrick, however, wrote both the Prologue and Epilogue to it, the latter of which is a little drama in itself. The incomparable acting of the late Mr. King, in the part of Lord Ogleby, could not be too highly praised, nor will it ever be forgotten by those who have seen it. A female critic (Mrs. Inchbald) says, "Lord Ogleby, once the most admired part in this comedy, is an evidence of the fluctuation of manners, modes, and opinions;—forty years ago it was reckoned so natural a representation of a man of fashion, that several noblemen were said to have been in the author's thoughts when he designed the character; now, no part is so little understood in the play; and his foibles seem so discordant with the manly faults of the present time, that his good qualities cannot atone for them." To this it has been well replied, that, "considered merely as a delineation of manners, Lord Ogleby is, no doubt, a fleeting and fugacious being; but the foundation of his artificial character is so noble, so generous, and so kindly, that, whenever it can find a proper representative, it must continue to excite our sympathies." But we must observe, that the part of Canton, however amusing to the galleries, is an illiberal caricature of the Swiss nation, and therefore disgraceful to the English stage.

My ideas about the *C. M.* may be briefly summed up.

Mr. Walcot is a beau of the very old school, a Frank Waddell of the other century. Very well done. Pre-Raphaelite, absolutely photographic in its exactness.

But why do it?

If my friend, the veteran of 1812, couldn't see it, how can I?

It is the old, very old story again. The good, sentimental white muslin and pink ribbon heroine, the nice young man in a bob-tailed claret-colored coat, tight breeches, and a chapeau bras. The lively girl, who runs to coupés and bracelets, and says, very sensibly, that she would rather have a coach-and-six with indifference, than a stage-ride with a true lover. A vulgar old woman, ditto man, a valet of the most ponderous order, a Swiss, and a chambermaid of the purest antique type, make up the characters, who are rather ingeniously mixed up in a very weak plot.

I have read the play throughout, and have not found a single bon mot, and nothing which I call an epigram.

I am afraid that our great grandfathers were more easily moved to laughter than the perverse people of the present day.

Now, we should write after this comedy some lines composed by Churchill, a friend of Colman's, upon Hogarth:

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind!"

Let "J. Pilgrim, Esq.," look out.

Colman wrote altogether over thirty plays, and I think it would be hard for any theatre-goer of to-day to remember the name of any one of them except *The Clandestine Marriage*, which was revived in London for Mr. Farren. Now it has drawn a good house for Mr. Walcot, afforded several people a fine chance to display nice costumes (Brougham's, for *Canton*, was exceedingly artistic), and I advise Mr. Lester Wallack to gather together all the copies, and send them to the Stuyvesant Institute, there to slumber quietly with the Abbott Museum and the Velasquez picture of C. Stuart No. 1.

Something New at Last!

Now that opera season is over, we may expect something new from the theatres.

Mr. Bourcicault's play, to which I have already alluded, is in active rehearsal, and is announced for Monday. The heroine is the child of a Louisiana planter, by a quadroon mistress, and hence the name of the play—*The Octoroon*.

I give this piece of information for the especial benefit of the Sunday papers, and so let us have no blundering about it.

The play, which is a serio-comic drama, in five acts, is pronounced by greenroom report, the best of the author's productions.

The scene is laid entirely in Louisiana, and the characters are all American. Mr. Bourcicault plays an Indian; Mr. Johnston, a bad overseer; Mr. Jefferson, a Yankee of an inventive turn of mind; Mr. G. W. Consuelo Jamison, an old negro; Mr. A. H. Davenport, a young Southerner, of the type which you see flying about the New York Hotel, and the foyer of the Opera. Pearson is a planter. The heroine will be played by Agnes Robertson.

Among other effects in the play, there will be an exact representation of a sale of slaves at auction.

That is all I am going to tell you about the piece, although I know some more.

It will make a powerful excitement, this play, or I'm no prophet.

There will be no performance at the Winter Garden to-night.

I suppose that Mr. Lester Wallack will bring out his romance of a *Poor Young Man* (I wish somebody would write the romance of the Subscriber, and make it lucrative) sometime next week. Mr. Lester is clever at the arrangement of such material as that which Feuillet offers him in this work, and I have no doubt that the piece will do.

I hear that Miss Laura Keene has in preparation a melo-drama, called *The Dead Heart*. It has been produced at the Adelphi, London, and is said to be a thrilling affair of the Ambigu School. As *The Wife's Secret* is no longer very attractive, I presume we will have the *D. H.* (why not *Dead Head?*) very soon.

Mr. Brougham will write the holiday piece for Wallack's. The subject is, I believe, *Rip Van Winkle*, often attempted, but never well treated.

Various Matters.

People in the Provinces and elsewhere, who steal from this department of the SATURDAY PRESS, are respectfully informed, that the announcements herein rest only upon the personal veracity of the Subscriber, which is not, when he is in a hurry, of the Sunday-school standard.

I never use anything from any newspaper without mentioning its name.

That is not because I am good and honest.

It is because I don't believe anything that any of you say.

And as I may take a fancy to make an item or two "out of my own head," able journalists will do well to affix the unusual credit when they honor me by copying my matter.

Cortesi has been making a great row among the susceptible Cubanos. The *Diary of the Marines*, and all the other Havana papers, are "tickled to death" with her, and one joker (*Old Spirit*) gets off (*Daily News*) the following poem, which reminds one of K. N. Pepper's "Ode to a Turkle":—

ADELAIDA CORTESI
EN LA
LUCRECIA.

No como Safo, de su amor cautiva
con lágrimas de fuego te alimentas,
que un indomable corazon alientas
que el vicio enciende y la venganza aviva.
Al que te adora ó tu pasion esquiva
con barbaras augustias atormentas,
y anunciando la muerte te presentas
con duro corazon y faz altiva.
Mas no esperes que el ánimo se espante;
no dolores agudos nos oprimen:
al ver en ti a Lucrecia agonizante
De divino placer las almas gimen;
que en tu frente Adelaida, en tu semblante,
aun hermoso aparece el mismo crimen.

Matilda Heron commenced an engagement at Niblo's Garden on Monday, and played *Camille* "for the 520th time," which I think quite enough.

The programme of the play contained the following extraordinary announcement:

It was in the impersonation of Camille she *first clutched with a bound* her dramatic diadem—with it her name will ever be identified, and descend in the annals of the stage.

If she doesn't play something else, that "diadem," which she has obtained in such a remarkable way, will slip off from her head, and perhaps go the way of all collateral—to Simpson's.

By the way, she and Eddy are going to play in *Bertram; or, The Castle Spectre*.

I wont miss that, you may be sure.

Mrs. Hoey, who keeps a coupé, and Mr. Jordan, who don't, announce their benefits this evening. Mrs. Hoey plays in *The Soldier's Daughter*, and in Mr. Hurlbut's very clever comedy, *Americans in Paris*.

Barring the coupé, Mrs. Hoey is a promising young actress who deserves to succeed.

Jordan likewise is a clever actor, and ought to be encouraged.

Mr. Sam Cowell, the long-expected and much talked about singer, has made his début in America, at the French Theatre.

Mr. Sam Cowell has sung several comic songs in a way which I have never heard equalled.

Mr. Sam Cowell has made a great many people, including the subscriber, who is naturally of a melancholy turn of mind, laugh very heartily indeed.

Mr. Sam Cowell, according to my narrow and bigoted view of things, is a public benefactor.

There are people, however, who don't see Sam Cowell.

There are people who say that a man who, in this age of enlightenment, in these days of telegraphs and railways and so on, sings such splendid antiques as the "Cork Leg," ought to be severely punished.

These grumblers are gentlemen of the old school, bucks of Washington Hall, fellows who can tell you, sir, of the time when New York did not extend "above Bleecker."

Happily for myself, and doubly fortunate for my readers, I do not remember those halcyon days. "The Cork Leg" is quite new to me, and I enjoy it immensely.

The fact of the matter is, that Sam Cowell is exceedingly clever; he sings very well, and his songs are admirably acted. I never saw a man who could sing the London street-ballad so well as this same Sam Cowell.

PERSONNE.

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THE WIFE'S SECRET,
having been universally pronounced by
PRESS AND PUBLIC
to be one of the
FINEST PLAYS EVER PRESENTED
TO A NEW YORK AUDIENCE,
it will be
REPEATED EVERY NIGHT.
The performances will conclude on each evening with
A Favorite Farce.
Dress-Circle Seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance.
Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

MR. BOURCICAULT'S
NEW PLAY
AT
THE
WINTER GARDEN.
The management beg to announce that
ON MONDAY
NEXT,
[NOVEMBER 5,
will be produced a new play
IN FIVE ACTS,
REPLETE WITH AMERICAN LIFE
AND AMERICAN CHARACTER
of the present day,
and entitled
THE OCTOROON,
A TALE OF LOUISIANA
Illustration of
BORDER ADVENTURE,
SLAVE LIFE,
AND
SOUTHERN HOMES,
BY
MR. BOURCICAULT,
The Author of many Dramatic Works
MR. HAYES AND MR. RIVIERE
will aid in realizing the picture
WITH SCENERY,
Constructed and painted for this occasion.
To the Artists
already engaged
and forming the Company,
Have been added
OTHERS OF EMINENCE,
For the special realization
Of Local Characteristics.
THE OCTOROON
Will be impersonated
BY
Miss AGNES ROBERTSON!

WINTER GARDEN.
The Management beg to state that
THE ENGAGEMENT OF
Miss AGNES ROBERTSON,
at this establishment, terminated on Wednesday, 23d of November, thus completing ten weeks or s

FAIRY MAY.

BY C. W. GODDHART.

I.

Come hither, little Fairy May,
My bride if you will be.
I'll give you silks and satins bright
Most beautiful to see;
I'll bring you to my castle hall,
'Mid lords and ladies gay:"
"No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May!

II.

Says mother, "He's a proper youth;
Say yes, girl, there's a dearie:"
"Say no, Miss Pride!" her father cried,
"I'd only like to hear ye!"
But still, for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
"No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May!

III.

"Come Fairy May, your words unsay,
You silly little gossie!
You know within your heart of hearts,
You wouldn't like to lose me:
You'll never see me here again,
If once I go away"
"Well, sir! and much I care for that!"
Quoth little Fairy May.

IV.

"I see such a prize!" her father cries,
"Say yes—or else I'll make ye!"
Her mother scolds—"A wilful chit!
I've half a mind to shake ye!"
But still for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
"No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May.

—*Once a Week.*

The Provocations of a Protege.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

When people play at providence, they play the deuce with other people, and they ought to be told of it. A picture illustrative of this result, after the manner of Death and the Lady, should be engraved, and sent to all Cæsars whatever, many parsons and spiritual papas, many ladies of the bountiful breed, many heads of families (strict)—of guardians, governors, and maiden aunts many; whose good intentions have furnished the hardest stones for that pavement which you and I, dear reader—faithful husband, tender father, affectionate friend, and universally-beloved as you are—may never tread, I hope. Further allusion is needless, save that the throne of him who reigns in that place is made of such a stone entire; for Lucifer, Son of the Morning, it was who first played at providence—with the best intentions.

It may not be in good taste to introduce my Aunt Deborah immediately after the above case; but what can one do, when he is allowed only three pages and a half for a whole article? There are hundreds of examples more heinous than she; and beginning with Charles Verhuil, otherwise Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—that prodigious player at providence, whose good intentions have all preceded him—I might have come down to my aunt in easy and graceful stages. But as it is—!

It is a shocking thing to say, but "Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered," hardly showered more miseries on an individual Greek head than my aunt's affection showered upon mine. She, good soul! undertook to provide for me when a superior Providence took my parents more immediately in charge. Herself, she had never been either father or mother; I doubt whether she had ever been a sweetheart; and I know she had grown up alone when a child, with no other playfellow but my grandfather, who taught her her cribbage at the age of seven. Therefore, to her, life was dull. It was a wilderness to her, barren, deceiving; full of snares, and pit-falls, and disappointing joys. So taking me by the hand, she would not let me quit her side, though *I* saw pleasure enough on every hand, and longed to scamper after it and into it. Perhaps, also, my aunt found the wilderness of this life haunted, after she had taken me into her company; perhaps she felt the eyes of her dead brother and sister upon her from time to time, anxious for their child.

That may account for much. But I do not believe the ghosts of my parents required her to administer brimstone and treacle so frequently; to make me wear nightcaps; to send me to bed, in Summer, ere the sun had set, and while I could still hear James Brown hallooing on the Common; to keep me in ignorance of roast pork, and to brothify my blood with overmuch mutton; to declare brandy-balls contraband; to torture my feet with woollen socks; to make me read the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" every Sunday; or to dress me like a Guy.

Here it was that I suffered most. Take collars for instance. Mr. Mowbray might have backed his scholars generally against any in the neighborhood for small plaiting. I was one of Mr. Mowbray's pupils; and my collars were my aunt's—transparent muslin with an opaque hem, and pointed eaves that overhung my shoulders. Of course, I was known *as* "Collars." Then that bottle-green suit! Then that—— It is too late to engrave a diagram for those pages, or I would supply an elevation and plans of a Cap aunt made me to go to school in. Luckily, however, there exists an article which will convey a tolerably accurate idea of it—the concertina. Imagine one of those instruments. Let it be permanently distended; also let it be of a lively blue color. Take away the keyboards at either end, fill one of the apertures thus created with a disc of covered cardboard, a tassel six inches long depending from the centre. Put your head into the other aperture.

In vain I represented the impossibility of appearing in public with such a thing as this upon one's head. My aunt replied, that she had made it exactly after the latest Book of Fashions. I remonstrated; I implored. I put a case, and asked her how she would like it—in vain.

It was a Summer morning when I was delivered over to a heartless public. Despatched to school, the agonies I endured in passing up our street are never to be described. At every footfall the wretched thing quivered on my head like a pile of jelly, sending a series of thrills down my spine, regular as the beatings of a pendulum. To alleviate this torture, I threw some rigidity into my back; an expedient which, while it only partially effected the object in view, seemed to hasten and to heighten the catastrophe of the situation. I was perceived—by Madgwick. Madgwick was always below me in class, and therefore it was with a yell of delight that he pointed me out to our schoolfellows. These, turning about, attributed the rigidity of my appearance to hauteur, and an overweening satisfaction in the object vibrating on my head. This sharpened their ideas of the ridiculous; and in another minute my already bleeding spirit fell fainting in the fire of their laughter. Ashamed to the last degree, I started away and ran. Alas me! If running abbreviated the duration of my torment, it increased its pangs; for the wretched cause of all bobbed and wriggled the more—not only to the delight of my schoolfellows, but to the amusement of the general public.

I turned into a lane. I leapt a hedge. I tore the sky-blue horror from my head, and sat upon it, that it might be invisible even to the serene heavens. There I sat the Summer-day long; returning home at length by dark passes, and in the shadow of the walls. And as I reentered the house, I resolved never to leave it in that cap again—never, alive.

Next morning Mr. Mowbray, whose morning walk was past our house, called to inquire respecting my absence from school. Absence from school! Had I, then, been "wagging"? My aunt was a stern woman; she viewed wagging sternly; associating it with a future in which the gallows loomed large. She desired Mr. Mowbray to give me a lecture on the spot. He complied; and every word, as it issued from his lips, she sharpened and drove home into my bosom with her eyes. This concluded, she drew forth the thing I have named, gently but firmly placed it on my head, and Mr. Mowbray led me away.

I yielded to my fate, and from that day the school ceased to call me "Collars." I was now known as young "Bellows"; and Bellows I long remained. At a comparatively advanced period of life I had occasion to visit Madras. Hauled through the surf, I stood damp and alone upon a foreign shore. As this sad reflection passed through my mind, a voice suddenly opened at my elbow—"Hallo, Bellows!" I turned—it was Madgwick. Madgwick is a very agreeable man in private life I am told.

My aunt's next design upon my peace, while it exhibited still greater ingenuity, was not so successful. I was still a little fellow, and it occurred to her in an inventive moment that her black silk petticoat would make me a nice pair of trowsers; and taking counsel with her dressmaker, she caused this idea to be realised privately. In blest unconsciousness I slept the night on which they were brought home, waking to see a sweet dream of my little sweetheart die away on the window-blind. It was Sunday; I should certainly behold her at church. I turned about for my best suit, and there, on a chair by the bedside, lay the nice trousers, all others being artfully taken from the apartment. I gazed on the "silks." With one twinkle of my legs I got into them, and bounded down stairs.

Aunt Deborah stood on the hearth, teapot in hand, as I burst into the sittingroom, and proceeded to explain my sentiments in dumb show. Indignantly I presented the garment for reconsideration in every possible point of view, and with attitudes never conceived in the wildest dreams of a dervish. Side view, front view, view walking, view astraddle, view *en pirouette*, view in the act of flying the garter, of climbing a tree, with all and all together I reproached her, winding up with a torrent of ironical remarks. Oh! what a nice pair of trousers! Oh dear! how shiny! When I walked in the sun, people would say, "Look at that little boy! He shines like a black-beetle!" etc.

Aunt was taken by surprise. She was even a little alarmed, I think; for she grew nervous, embarrassed; set down the teapot with a trembling hand, and seemed to make some feeble excuses founded upon the black silk breeches of her generation. At length her confusion made me ashamed. I went up to her asking her pardon; and then with a few tears, she quietly explained herself:

What did I suppose to be the object of all her cutting and contriving? Was it to make me think her mean and unkind? No. It was because her little nephew would need money by-and-by to start him in the world, or even, perhaps, to support him in some long sickness, when nursing was no longer to be had for love, but only for money. From the day my father died she had been closely hoarding her little income; by the time I needed it, it would be quite a comfortable sum, please God, and it was all for me. Who else?

My heart was now opened to the true interpretation of many little mysteries in our household, past and passing; and I was mollified accordingly. Looking on the silks, and thinking of kind intentions and strong stitches gone for nought, I resolved for a moment—but no, that would be too much.

Besides, aunt did not insist this time; indeed it soon appeared that the fandango she witnessed that morning had recolored her ideas. A tailor was called in. Shortly afterwards I was taken from Mr. Mowbray's academy, and placed in the hands of Birch Budby, Esq., B.A., whose massive brow betrayed the scholar, while his tiny nose and fiery little eyes equally declared the boy-queller.

But do not suppose my provocations ended here. In the first place, the ebullition of tenderness, remorse, or what you will, described above, was never repeated. And, again, my aunt's explanation revealed too much. It revealed the bond of dependence, at the moment when extravagant expenses were incurred for me at Budby's. Now, dependence was not to my mind. I could not endure the reflection that a good old lady was denying herself all sorts of comforts and old-lady-like luxuries for my sake. Once alive to this consideration, it grew apace. Her faded bonnets wounded me; her mangy wig smote me like another conscience; her antiquated fur-tippet pointed the squirrel-tail of scorn at me; and when the old lady gave up her nightly negus and took to arrowroot, I felt like a ghoul, a vampire, a basilisk, and a blood-sucker.

These were new and poignant miseries, and many a night they made me sleepless. And I verily believe aunt secretly enjoyed my disquiets. Why else did she come so often to see me (Budby's was only four miles from home), explaining with such a satisfied air that she was ashamed to come to the house—rather choosing to waylay me in the neighborhood? With sandwiches in a basket for refreshment? In her worst gown? In a bonnet of archæological character? With pattens when it wasn't muddy, and an umbrella in serene July? It was on purpose to aggravate my feelings; to make them swell in my bosom as the livers of geese are enlarged, for a more ample and delicate repast. And, like the vulture that dined thirty years upon the liver of Prometheus, my aunt found in me a never-failing feast.

But I do believe this vulturine appetite was stimulated by the kindest and most pathetical sentiments. If she had been called upon to explain them, she would have replied, that she wished to incite me to make the most of my small advantages, by showing me their cost; that she had all her life long been trying to earn love by love alone; that she had signally failed in the attempt; and that now she was growing old, it became a matter of life and death almost to bind some heart to hers—one life that should ease her own down into the dark-waters—by any means whatever. But how should I understand an old maid's sentiments at that early age? One fact, indeed, filled the whole circle of my contemplations—there was room for nothing else; and this fact was (as before mentioned) that I was a ghoul, a vampire, a basilisk, and a blood-sucker; living on the substance of a poor old lady (as Solomon was nourished by many young ones), and reducing her to the last stages of destitution. *I* was the devastating moth in her fur tippet; *I*, virtually, the little insect which represents the mange in her wig. 'Twas I who, like another Eleanor, offered the gruel-cup to my kind old Rosamond, permitting her no alternative save the sharpness of hunger. Looking at the matter in this light, I could endure it no longer; and, taking the first opportunity, went home to open my mind.

The old lady was about to make tea when I entered. She loved tea; and her customary allowance of the herb to each infusion was measured by a caddy-spoon of liberal capacity. But on this occasion she actually took the sugartongs, and depolited three nips into the diagusted urn. My courage had been falling, like the mercury in a thermometer, from the moment I entered the cool precincts of our home. On this proceeding of Aunt Deborah's, it remounted, and with new resolution, as with a nail, I fixed it. I declared at once that I was resolved to remain an incubus (that was the word) no longer; that I was tired of *being* an incubus; and was convinced I could now fight my way in the world without robbing my relations. There was the sea, and there was the army.

Aunt Deborah sank into a chair. For a few moments she kept silence; then abstractedly addressing the coal-scuttle, as if there she had hidden her household gods, she murmured—

"Here's gratitude!"

"Dear aunt, I am sure I am grateful, and I wish to show it by not taxing your goodness any longer. Out of all the money you have saved for me, give me only enough ——"

("Here's gratitude!")

"— to get settled in some decent trade——"

("After all I have done for him!")

"— and spend the rest yourself. You ought. I don't want it; I want to be independent——"

("After all I have *endured* for him!")

"— and work my own way. Do, aunt?"

("This is how I am repaid!")

An agonized pause.

("Or-r-acious Heavens!")

Was not this a pretty situation? While imagining that I had discovered an honorable way of releasing my aunt from further sacrifices, and myself from the pain of accepting them, I found I had compassed a measure of household treasury quite bewildering. This was to heap coals of fire upon the head of my benefactor, and at the same time to brand myself with the stigma of ingratitude. The incompatibilities of the case were dreadful to contemplate. Both horns of the dilemma pierced me at once, and vainly I appealed to my aunt for relief. Dreamy and lost, she kept her eyes on the coal-scuttle, rocked to and fro, and now and then lifting her eyes, muttered painfully. At length she rose and retired to her room. I followed desperately, but reached the door only in time to see it locked upon me. This was unfortunate; because, what a woman's heart is to her reason, so is her bedroom to her parlor, when you have anything to plead.

The kind reader cannot fail to see the dilemma upon which I was thrown. He perceives, on the one hand, the fryingpan of repentance; and, on the other, the fire of an old woman's reproaches and her broken heart. It is easy to imagine me suspended over both, or suffering alternately in either.

Matters became worse when the Reverend Jabez Whelk came on the scene; that was when I was eighteen, and urgent to get into some profession. Mr. Whelk was minister of my aunt's chapel, and used often to dine with her. As their acquaintance grew, his visits became more frequent; and having now left Budby's, I also enjoyed much of his company. Yet a little while, and his conversation became chiefly addressed to me, while aunt sat listening and smiling in the fulness of content. He talked sectarian talk; he appealed to my religious sentiments; he talked of ripening fields, and the dearth of laborers for the harvest; and it only needed that my aunt should buy me some white neckcloths to reveal the plot. It was proposed to make me a minister of the Reverend Jabez Whelk's persuasion.

Mr. Whelk belonged to a sect, small, but very lively, which I almost hated. (Remember, I was an unthinking boy at this time.) I hated it for the sake of the eccentric and popular preacher, Gupps, who, emulating the fame of Rowland Hill, became a brutal copy of that good man. I hated it for the sake of Obed Smiter, who was so outraged at finding himself described in certain placards as a reverend, that he put his face to the wall wherever they appeared, and gnawed out the vain word (at least he used to boast that he did). Nor was Mr. Whelk himself at all calculated to improve my desire to enter the brotherhood, for in no respect did he seem like a Christian gentleman.

Moreover, I had grace enough to know that I was unfit and unworthy to become a priest. I was no more suited to that high vocation, than the vocation was suited to me; and, to be candid, I felt that the spotless neckcloth would be to me a choker indeed—strangling my best purposes, and clapping a *tourniquet* on my only aspirations. I awaited in calm resolve the formal opening of the subject; nor had I to wait long.

I felt its approach, one Winter evening, in the increased balminess of my aunt, and not the less from the momentous deportment of Mr. Whelk. Presently, warmed with tea and lubricated with buttered toast, he led off, my aunt encouraging him with a grave smile. He glided into a dulcet and tortuous discourse, half an hour long, rendered impressive by many quavers of emotion. At length, with a very long quaver indeed, he delivered himself of the question;—there it lay naked before me. He paused for a reply; so did my aunt; so did the knitting-pins reposing in her lap. I thought it safest to give it them at once; for my aunt's old distressful look was stealing its influence over me strong. So I delivered a round, hard negative, right into the camp. The knitting-pins staggered, heeled over, and toppled into the fender. Aunt started her spectacles off, darted on me a look of reproach, and instantly assumed the appearance of a statue. Mr. Whelk fixed a melancholy eye upon the ceiling; but he—he evidently expected it.

"Here's gratitude!" faltered the old lady, again apostrophising her gods in the coal-scuttle.

"Ah, ma'am!" responded Mr. Whelk (low, and with symptoms of internal suffering), "here's gratitude indeed!—gratitude indeed!"

I ventured to ask Mr. Whelk what he meant by that. Said he, wagging his forefinger at me—

"Beware, young man!—beware!"

Now, I admit that I grew rather indignant at this exclamation; but am confident that neither act, look, nor word of mine justified my aunt in springing from her chair, precipitating herself between us, bidding me strike her but spare that good man. She did so, however, and a strong hysterical wind appeared to blow through the room at the moment, threatening a storm. Nor would she be pacified till Mr. Whelk assured her that though the viper might wound the bosom that had cherished it, its fangs would fail to penetrate his mail-clad breast!

I shall proceed only a little further with this recital. Neither my sense of duty nor my inclination permitted me to fulfil my aunt's desire; and she never forgave me. Nor more, perhaps, did Mr. Whelk; for when aunt fell ill, months afterwards, of lumbago, he summoned me to her bedside, and amidst the groans of the chapel-members that surrounded it, called upon me to behold the wreck I had made! In the chapel itself I became the illustration of bitter texts; the end of which was that I could not pass a member without feeling that I was in some sort a wretch. Nor was this all; the Society's little tract, "C. V.; or the Sin of Ingratitude," which appeared about this time, and has since become so popular, rather more than hints at my case. Those are my initials, for instance.

What more shall I say, with no space to say it in? This, at least: that I broke away from my dependence, took to an "honorable calling," and prospered: also, that presently I courted Clara Joy. Clara had beautiful curls; the curls were deadly objectionable to aunt, and so the little silly thing (Clara I mean) actually cut them off; excusing herself by declaring that she could not afford to lose me, nor could I afford to lose my Expectations! I do assure you—I do assure the public—this was not the smallest of my provocations; for Clara's hair never curled so nice again.

How otherwise we were provoked, in the matter of public remarks on our page; in the matter of breeching our first boy; in the matter of convening prayer-meetings in my back parlor, without warning, in order to turn me from the perdition of my play-writing career—how all this happened I cannot go on to relate. Enough that we bore it all, because it seemed to be generally settled that that was the least we could do in return for our Expectations. Enough, that in the fulness of years the old lady died, leaving me one hundred pounds; bequeathing to our Charlie another hundred pounds (which did not compensate his sufferings in the matter of breeching), and six times that sum to the mission of Cricumsales. The remainder of her property (near five thousand pounds) was devised for the purpose of building a splendid new chapel and residence for the Reverend Jabez Whelk. Which ended my provocations.

— A literary curiosity has just come to light which promises to be interesting in the extreme. It has been brought to notice from the most unlikely quarter possible. It is a perfectly authentic but hitherto unknown fragment of the Johnsonian Collection, and is the Diary of a visit to England by an Irish clergyman, Dr. Thomas Campbell, in 1775, during which he lived in the society of Johnson, Burke, etc. He is mentioned by Boswell as an Irish gentleman who came to England principally from a desire to see Dr. Johnson. The manuscript Diary was accidentally discovered behind a press in the office of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. Dr. Campbell died in 1795. His nephew and heir emigrated to New South Wales, and no doubt carried his uncle's journal with him. In many cases Dr. Campbell reports at length the same conversation, at dinner-parties already given by Boswell, and mainly confirming the general truth of his narrative with numerous characteristic additions.

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From the Schenectady News.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is a paper we add to our exchange list with great pleasure, and hope it will be sent to us regularly. As we want THE SATURDAY PRESS for our own reading, we hope Mr. Clapp will see that his clerk puts the *News* on his regular list. THE SATURDAY PRESS hates indiscriminate puffing as bad as we do, and is doing more for high art and letters than any ten papers in the Union.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
No. 9 Spruce street, New York.

AMERICAN WATCHES
MADE BY THE
American Watch Company,
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Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-pieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, necessarily, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:

June 15, fast	4 seconds.	Aug. 15, fast	18 seconds.
July 1, "	6 "	Sept. 1, "	23 "
" 15, "	10 "	" 15, "	28 "
Aug. 1, "	16 "	Oct. 1, "	32 "

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

PAUL MORPHY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

BOSTON, Sept. 28th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers. GEORGE E. PORTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a bauk, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

NORMAN WIARD,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

BOSTON, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:

DEAR SIR:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street,
NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others. JAMES FLOY, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month. Capt. GORHAM H. BASSETT.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. SHEAFE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.;

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6939, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SPEAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 5976, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly, H. L. STUART.

De Bow's *Review*, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronometers. More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers allege that they have heard not more than half-a-dozen complaints, arising chiefly from accidental derangement or misusage of the works."

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